

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

By T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

COPYRIGHT 1898, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9, 1898.

VOLUME 21.—NUMBER 45.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



Per. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

THE SWEETEST STORY OF ALL. (SEE PAGE 870)

Copyright 1898, by Louis Klopsch.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



THE WRESTLERS.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Ephesians 6: 12.

"We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

SQUEAMISHNESS and fastidiousness were never charged against Paul's rhetoric. In the war against evil he took the first weapon he could lay his hand on. For illustration, he employed the theatre, the arena, the foot-race, and there was nothing in the Isthmian game, with its wreath of pine leaves; or Pythian game, with its wreath of laurel and palm; or Nemean game, with its wreath of parsley; or any Roman circus, but he felt he had a right to put it in sermon or epistle, and are you not surprised that in my text he calls upon a wrestling bout for suggestiveness? Plutarch says that wrestling is the most artistic and cunning of athletic games. We must make a wide difference between pugilism, the lowest of spectacles, and wrestling, which is an effort in sport to put down another on floor or ground, and we, all of us, indulged in it in our boyhood days, if we were healthful and plucky. The ancient wrestlers were first bathed in oil, and then sprinkled with sand. The third throw decided the victory, and many a man who went down in the first throw or second throw, in the third throw was on top, and his opponent under. The Romans did not like this game very much, for it was not savage enough, no blows or kicks being allowed in the game. They preferred the foot of hungry panther on the breast of fallen martyr.

In wrestling, the opponents would bow in apparent suavity, advance face to face, put down both feet solidly, take each other by the arms, and push each other backward and forward until the work began in real earnest, and there were contortions and strangulations and violent strokes of the foot of one contestant against the foot of the other, tripping him up, or with struggle that threatened apoplexy or death, the defeated fell, and the shouts of the spectators greeted the victor. I guess Paul had seen some such contest, and it reminded him of the struggle of the soul with temptation, and the struggle of truth with error, and the struggle of heavenly forces against apollionic powers, and he dictates my text to an amanuensis, for all his letters, save the one to Philemon, seem to have been dictated, and as the amanuensis goes on with his work I hear the groan and laugh and shout of earthly and celestial belligerents: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

I notice that as these wrestlers advanced to throw each other they bowed one to the other. It was a civility, not only in Grecian and Roman games, but in later day, in all the wrestling bouts at Clerkenwell, England, and in the famous wrestling match during the reign of Henry III., in St. Giles' Field, between men of Westminster and people of London. However rough a twist and hard a pull each wrestler contemplated giving his opponent, they approached each other with politeness and suavity. The genuflexions, the affability, the courtesy in no wise hindered the decisiveness of the contest. Well, Paul, I see what you mean. In this awful struggle between right and wrong, we must not forget to be gentlemen and ladies. Affability never hinders, but always helps. You are powerless as soon as you get mad. Do not call rum-sellers murderers. Do not call infidels fools. Do not call higher critics reprobates. Do not call all card players and theatre-goers children of the devil. Do not say that the dance breaks through into hell. Do not deal in vituperation and billingsgate and contempt and adjectives dynamic. The other side can beat us at that. Their dictionaries have more objurcation and brimstone.

We are in the strength of God to throw flat on its back every abomination that

curse the earth, but let us approach our mighty antagonist with suavity. Hercules, son of Jupiter and Alcmena, will by a precursor of smiles be helped rather than damaged for the performance of his "twelve labors." Let us be as wisely strategic in religious circles as attorneys in court-rooms, who are complimentary to each other in the opening remarks, before they come into legal struggle such as that which left Rufus Choate or David Paul Brown triumphant or defeated. People who get into a rage in reformatory work accomplish nothing but the depletion of their own nervous system. There is such a thing as having a gun so hot at the touch-hole that it explodes, killing the one that sets it off. There are some reformatory meetings to which I always decline to go and take part, because they are apt to become demonstrations of bad temper. I never like to hear a man swear, even though he swear on the right side. The very Paul who in my text employed in illustration the wrestling match, behaved on a memorable occasion as we ought to behave. The translators of the Bible made an unintentional mistake when they represented Paul as insulting the people of Athens by speaking of "the unknown god whom ye ignorantly worship." Instead of charging them with ignorance, the original indicates he complimented them by suggesting that they were very religious: but as they confessed that there were some things they did not understand about God, he proposed to say some things concerning Him, beginning where they had left off. The same Paul who said in one place, "Be courteous," and who had noticed the bow preceding the wrestling match, here exercises suavities before he proceeds practically to throw down the rocky side of the Acropolis the whole Parthenon of idolatries, Minerva and Jupiter smashed up with the rest of them. In this holy war polished rifles will do more execution than blunderbusses. Let our wrestlers bow as they go into the struggle which will leave all perdition under and all heaven on top.

Remember also that these wrestlers went through severe and continuous course of preparation for their work. They were put upon such diet as would best develop their muscle. As Paul says, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." The wrestlers were put under complete discipline—bathing, gymnastics, struggle in sport with each other to develop strength and give quickness to dodge of head and trip of foot; stooping to lift each other off the ground; suddenly rushing forward; suddenly pulling backward; putting the left foot behind the other's right foot, and getting his opponent off his balance; hard training for days and weeks and months, so that when they met it was giant clutching giant. And, my friends, if we do not want ourselves to be thrown in this wrestle with the sin and error of the world, we had better get ready by Christian discipline, by holy self-denial, by constant practice, by submitting to divine supervisory and direction. Do not begrudge the time and the money for that young man who is in preparation for the ministry, spending two years in grammar school, and four years in college, and three years in theological seminary. I know that nine years are a big slice to take off of a man's active life, but if you realized the height and strength of the archangels of evil in our time with which that young man is going to wrestle, you would not think nine years of preparation were too much. An uneducated ministry was excusable in other days, but not in this time, loaded with schools and colleges. A man who wrote me the other day a letter asking advice, as he felt called to preach the Gospel, began the word "God" with a small "g." That kind of a man is not called to preach the Gospel. Il-

literate men, preaching the Gospel, quote for their own encouragement the scriptural passage, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." Yes! He will fill it with wind. Preparation for this wrestling is absolutely necessary. Many years ago Doctor Newman and Doctor Sunderland, on the platform of Brigham Young's tabernacle at Salt Lake City, Utah, gained the victory because they had so long been skilful wrestlers for God. Otherwise Brigham Young, who was himself a giant in some things, would have thrown them out of the window. Get ready in Bible classes. Get ready in Christian Endeavor meetings. Get ready by giving testimony in obscure places, before giving testimony in conspicuous places.

Your going around with a Bagster's Bible with flaps at the edges, under your arm, does not qualify you for the work of an evangelist. In this day of profuse gab, remember that it is not merely capacity to talk, but the fact that you have something to say, that is going to fit you for the struggle into which you are to go with a smile on your face and illumination on your brow, but out of which you will not come until all your physical and mental and moral and religious energies have been taxed to the utmost and you have not a nerve left, or a thought unexpended, or a prayer unsaid, or a sympathy unwept. In this struggle between Right and Wrong accept no challenge on platform or in newspaper unless you are prepared. Do not misapply the story of Goliath the Great, and David the Little. David had been practising with a sling on dogs and wolves and bandits, and a thousand times had he swirled a stone around his head before he aimed at the forehead of the giant and tumbled him backward, otherwise the big foot of Goliath would almost have covered up the crushed form of the son of Jesse.

Notice also that the success of a wrestler depended on his having his feet well planted before he grappled his opponent. Much depends upon the way the wrestler stands. Standing on an uncertain piece of ground, or bearing all his weight on right foot or all his weight on left foot, he is not ready. A slight cuff of his antagonist will capsize him. A stroke of the heel of the other wrestler will trip him. And in this struggle for God and righteousness, as well as for our own souls, we want our feet firmly planted in the Gospel,—both feet on the Rock of Ages. It will not do to believe the Bible in spots, or think some of it true and some of it untrue. You just make up your mind that the story of the Garden of Eden is an allegory, and the Epistle of James an interpolation, and that the miracles of Christ can be accounted for on natural grounds, without any belief in the supernatural, and the first time you are interlocked in a wrestle with sin and Satan you will go under and your feet will be higher than your head. It will not do to have one foot on a rock and the other on the sand. The old Book would long ago have gone to pieces if it had been vulnerable. But of the millions of Bibles that have been printed within the last twenty-five years, not one chapter has been omitted, and the omission of one chapter would have been the cause of the rejection of the whole edition. Alas! for those who while trying to prove that Jonah was never swallowed of a whale, themselves get swallowed of the whale of unbelief, which digests but never ejects its victims. The inspiration of the Bible is not more certain than the preservation of the Bible in its present condition. After so many centuries of assault on the Book, would it not be a matter of economy, to say the least,—economy of brain and economy of stationery, and economy of printers' ink,—if the batteries now assailing the Book would change their aim and be trained against some other books, and the world shown that Walter Scott did not write "The Lady of the Lake," nor Homer "The Iliad," nor Virgil "The Georgics," nor Thomas Moore "Lalla Rookh," or that Washington's "Farewell Address" was written by Thomas Paine, and that the War of the American Revolution never occurred? That attempt would be quite as successful as this long-timed attack anti-Biblical, and then it would be new. Oh, keep out of this wrestling bout with the ignorance and the wretchedness of the world unless you feel that both feet are planted in the eternal veracities of the Book of Almighty God!

Notice also that in this science of wrestling, to which Paul refers in text, it was the third throw that decided the contest. A wrestler might be thrown once and thrown twice, but the third he might recover himself, and, by an expected twist of arm or curve of leg, gain the day. Well, that is broad, illing, unmistakable Gospel. Some of I address through ear or eye, by voice or printed page, have been thrown in wrestle with evil habit.

Aye! you have been thrown twice, but that does not mean, oh! worsted that you are thrown forever. I have authority for saying how many times a man may sin and be forgiven, or how many times he may fall and yet rise again. I have authority for saying that he who falls four hundred and ninety times, and four hundred and ninety times gets up. The Bible declares that God will forgive seventy times seven, and if you will play the rule of multiplication you will find that seventy times seven is four hundred and ninety. Blessed be God for such a Gospel of high hope and encouragement and magnificent rescue. A Gospel of lost sheep brought home by Shepherd's shoulder, and the prodigal who got into the low work of pig-husks into swines' troughs brought in to jewelry and banqueting and hill-top that made the rafters ring!

Three sketches of the same man, happy home, of which he and a lady taken from a neighbor's house and united head. Years of happiness, after years of happiness. Stars pointed down to natiivities. And whether nounced in greeting or not, every morning was a "Good Morning," and every night a "Good Night." Christmas and May Queens, and birthday festivities and Thanksgiving gatherings and loaded tables. But that husband and father forms an unfortunate acquaintance who leads him in circles too convoluted, too late-houred, too scandalous, awhile, his money gone and not able to bear his part of the expense, he is gradually shoved out and ignored and pushed away. Now, what a dilapidated home his! A dissipated life always shows in faded window curtains, and impish wardrobe, and dejected surroundings, and in broken palings of the fence, and the unhinged gate, and the dislocated door-bell, and the disappearance of wife and children from some among which they shone the bright and laughed the gladdest. If any man ever down, that husband and father down. The fact is, he got into a world with Evil that pushed and pulled and tortured and exhausted him worse than any Olympian game ever treated a Greek and he was thrown. Thrown out of prosperity into gloom. Thrown out of association into bad. Thrown out of health into invalidism. Thrown out of happiness into misery. But one while slinking through one of the streets, not wishing to be recognized, a good thought crosses his mind, for he heard of men flung flat rising again. Arriving at his house, he calls his wife and shuts the door and says: "Ma'am, am going to do differently. This is what I promised you when we were married. You have been very patient of me, and have borne everything, although I would have had no right to complain if you had left me and gone home to father's house. It seems to me that once or twice, when I was not myself, I struck you, and several times, I know, I called you hard names. Now I want you to forgive me. I am going to do better. I want you to help me." "Help you, she says; 'bless your soul!' of course I will help you. I knew you didn't mean it when you treated me roughly. All that is in the past. Never refer to it again. To-day let us begin anew." In pathizing friends come around and business people help the man to do something to do, so that he can again be a living. The children soon have clothing so that they can go to school. Thold songs which the wife sang years ago come back to her memory, and she sings over again at the cradle, or while preparing the noon-day meal. Domestic reaction! He comes home earlier than used to, and he is glad to spend the evening playing games with the children, helping them with arithmetic or grammar lessons which are a little too hard. He passes on, and some outsider suggests

that he is not getting as much out of it as he ought, and proposes an occasional visit to scenes of worldliness and dissipation. He consents to go once, and, after much solicitation, twice. Then his old habit comes back. He says he has been belated, and could not get back until midnight. He had to see some West Indian merchant that had arrived and talk business with him before he got out of town. Kindness and geniality again quite in disposition of that husband and father. The wife's heart breaks in a new piece. That man goes into a second struggle with evil habit and is flung, and all else cackles at the moral defeat. "I told you so!" say many good people who have no faith in the reformation of a fan man. "I told you so! You made a great fuss about his restored home, but I knew it would not last. You can't trust the fellows who have once gone wrong." With this unfortunate, things get worse and worse, and his family have to give up the house, and the last valuable goes to the pawnbroker's shop. But that unfortunate man is sauntering along the street one Sunday night, and he goes up to the church door, and the congregation is singing Cowper's glorious hymn,—

There is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.

He goes into the vestibule of the church and stops there, not feeling well enough to go among the worshippers, and he hears the minister say, "You will find the words of my text in Luke, the 19th chapter and 10th verse: 'The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost.'" The listener in the vestibule says: "If any man was ever lost, I am he, and the Son of Man came to save that which is lost, and he has found me, and he will take me out of this lost condition. Oh, Christ, have mercy on me!" The poor man has courage now to enter the main audience room, and he sits down on the first seat by the door, and when at the close of the service the minister comes down the aisle, the poor man tells his story; and he is encouraged, and invited to come again, and the way is cleared for him for membership in a Christian church, and he feels the omnipotence of what Peter, the Apostle, said when he spoke of the "keys" kept by the power of God through which to attain complete salvation." Yet he has to have one more wrestle before he is free from evil habits, and he goes into it on his own strength, for that has failed him twice, but in the strength of the Lord Almighty. The old habit seizes him, and he seizes it, and the wrestlers bend backward and forward, and from side to side in awful struggle, until the moment comes for his liberation; and, with both arms infused with strength from God, he snatches that habit, swings it in air, and hurls it to the perdition from which it came, and from which it never again will rise. "Hurray! Victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ! Hear it, all ye wrestlers! I told you so; and the third time he threw it; and, by the grace of God, I shall be as safe now as if he had been ten years in heaven. Oh, I am so glad that Paul in my text suggests the power of the third throw.

Notice that my text suggests that the wrestlers on the other side in the great struggle for the world's redemption have the forces of demonology to help them: "Wrestle not against flesh and blood, against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Military men will tell you that there is nothing more unwise than to underestimate an enemy. In estimating what we have to contend with, the most of the reformers do not recognize the biggest opponents. They talk about the Agnosticism, the Nihilism, and the Pantheism, and the Brahminism, and the Mohammedanism, as well as the more agile and organized and endowed wickednesses of our day. But these are only a part of the hostile forces arrayed against God and the best interests of humanity. The invisible hosts are far more numerous than the visible. Let me tell you, the Apostle Paul was right when he suggested that we wrestle, not with giants, but with giants that will down us, and the Lord Almighty is our coadjutor. Blessed be God that we have now, and further on will have in mightier degree that divine help!

The time is coming—I know it will quicken your pulses when I mention it—when the last mighty evil of the world will be grappled by righteousness and thrown. Which of the great evils will survive all the others I know not, whether war, or revenge, or fraud, or lust, or intemperance, or gambling, or Sabbath desecration. It will not be "the survival of the fittest," but the survival of the worst. It will be the evil the most thoroughly entrenched, most completely reinforced, most patronized by wealth and fashion and pomp, most applauded by all the principalities and powers and rulers of darkness. It will stand, with grim visage, looking down upon the graves of all the other slain abominations—graves dug by the hot shovels of despair and surmounted by such epitaphology as this: "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." "The wages of sin is death." "Her house inclineth unto death and her paths unto the dead." "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death." Yes! I imagine we have arrived at the time when we may say, Yonder stands the last and only great evil of all the world to be wrestled down. It stands, not only looking upon the graves of all the entombed and epitaphed iniquities of the world, but ever and anon gazing upward in defiance of the heavens and shaking its fist at the

wilder than that with which Sampson hurled the temple of Dagon when he got hold of its two chief pillars.

Aye! That suggests a cheering thought, that if all the realms of Demonology are on the other side, all the realms of angelology are on our side, among them the Angel of the New Covenant, and they are now talking over the present awful struggle and final glorious triumph; talking amid the alabaster pillars and in the ivory palaces, and along the broadways and grand avenues of the great Capital of the Universe, and amid the spray of fountains with rainbows like the "rainbow round the throne." Yes, all heaven is on our side, and the "high places of wickedness" spoken of in my text are not so high as the high places of heaven, where there are enough reserve forces, if our earthly forces should be overpowered, or in cowardice fall back, to sweep down some morning at daybreak and take all this earth for God before the city clocks could strike "twelve" for noon. And the Cabinet of Heaven, the most august Cabinet in the universe, made up of three.—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost,—are now in session in the King's Palace, and they are with us, and they are going to see us through, and they invite us, as soon as we have done our share of the work, to go up and see them, and celebrate the final victory, that is

Racial Enmity Overcome.

How the Khasi and Brahman, After Centuries of Hatred, Unite in Christ.

BY MR. BENJAMIN AITKEN.

TO the Occidental eye the group in the accompanying picture is simply a group of Hindoos, but to one familiar with the customs and traditions of India, the spectacle of these young men sitting side by side is one of strange significance, not to say of amazement. They are all undergraduates of the Calcutta University, and are members of a choir which sings hymns at the open-air services of the Free Church of Scotland, which are held in Beadon Square, Calcutta. But like as they are in appearance, and brothers as they are in Christ, there stretches back of them long years of race antagonism. The young men whose portraits are numbered 3, 4, and 7 are Khasis; numbers 6, 8, and 10 are sons of Brahmans; while the others, numbered 1, 2, and 5, are sons of Bengalee parents.

It is almost impossible for any one who has not lived in India to realize the full import of this union of Brahmans and Khasis under the banner of Jesus Christ. Brahmans are considered the heaven-born cream of the Hindoo nation, and two or three generations ago they used to be worshiped as gods by the rest of the Hindoos. Khasis are aboriginal savages of the mountains which run east and west through Assam. They are not tolerated among even the lowest castes of the settled Hindoo community. They had no letters, no civilization, and no gods or temples. Their religion was demon worship, which is still observed by all who have not come under the influence of Christianity.

Although armed only with bows and arrows, the Khasis were a very brave tribe, and defied the Mohammedans, who subdued the plains at the foot of their hills. Their depredations continued till the British government displaced the Mohammedan, and then a regularly organized expedition was sent into their hills. But it required four years for them to be subdued and inducted to peaceful ways of life.

Then a band of missionaries from Wales settled among them and opened schools, and it very soon appeared that this remarkable tribe possessed intellectual aptitude equal to any of the literary and civilized races of the plains. The Khasis themselves have a tradition that the first Khasi and the first Bengalee came to India together from some land far to the eastward, each carrying a book. On reaching a deep river they were nearly drowned, and the Khasi lost his book. But the more crafty Bengalee seized his book in his teeth and struggled across. So the Bengalees became a literary people, while the Khasis remained unable to read and write; and to this the Khasis attribute their uncivilized condition by contrast with the enlightened and advanced Bengalees.

However, they have more than made up their ground since the advent of the missionaries, as will be seen when I say that the great-grandsons of men who fought with bows and arrows, and did not know a letter of any alphabet, are now in the Calcutta University.

Having no restrictions, like Hindoos and Mohammedans, on the liberty of women, the girls have kept pace with the boys in learning, and it has been officially declared that female education is relatively more advanced among the Khasis than among any of the most civilized and literary races of India.

The population of the hills is about 170,000, living in 1,546 villages and 35,000 houses. The number of church members, that is, adult Christians, is between 11,000 and 12,000, and there are perhaps 3,000 more who have associated themselves with Christians and adopted many of their ways without embracing Christianity.

The missionaries were not only the beginners of education in the Khasi hills, but to this day nearly the whole of the instruction of the people is in their hands, and many thousands of Khasi boys and girls attend their schools.

These hills were in the centre of last year's great earthquake. About four hundred Khasis were killed, including several Christians. Every house, school, hospital, and medical dispensary belonging to the mission was destroyed. I do not suppose any Christian mission has ever suffered so much in a single catastrophe.



A CHRISTIAN CHOIR OF ONCE ANTAGONISTIC RACES.

Almighty, saying: "Nothing can put me down. I have seen all the other enemies of the human race wrestled down and destroyed, but there is no arm or foot, human or angelic or Deific, that can throw me. I have ruined whole generations, and I swear by all the thrones of diabolism that I will ruin this generation. Come on, all ye churches, and all ye reformatory institutions, and all ye legislatures, and all ye thrones! I challenge you! I plant my feet on this red-hot rock of the world's woe. I stretch forth my arms for the mightiest wrestle any world has ever seen. Come on! Come on!"

Then I can well believe that righteousness will accept the challenge, and the two mighty wrestlers will grapple, while all the galleries of earth and heaven look down from one side, and all the fiery chasms of perdition look up from the other side. The prize is worth a struggle, for it is not a chaplet of laurel or palm, but the rescue of a world, and a wreath put on the brow by him who promised, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown." Three worlds—earth, heaven and hell—hold their breath while waiting for the result of this struggle, when, with one mighty swing of an arm muscled with Omnipotence, righteousness hurls the last evil, first on its knees and then on its face, and then rolling off and down, with a crash

more sure to come than to-morrow's sunrise. While I think of it, the Scotch evangelistic hymn comes upon me, and stirs the strong tide of Scotch blood that rolls through my arteries:—

Its a bonnie, bonnie war! that we're livin' in the noo!
 An' sunny is the lan' that noo we aften traiv'll throo;
 But in vain we look for something here to which oor hearts may cling,
 For its beauty is as naething tae the palace o' the King.
 We like the gilded summer, wi' its merry, merry tread,
 An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its beauties wi' the dead;
 For tho' bonnie are the snawflakes, an' the doon on winter's wing,
 It's fine to ken it daurna touch the palace o' the King.
 Nae nicht shall be in heaven, an' nae desolat' in sea,
 An' nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o' the free;
 There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a never-fadin' spring,
 Where the Lamb is a' the glory i' the palace o' the King.
 We see oor freen's await us ower yonner at His gate;
 Then lat us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late;
 Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin'; let us raise oor voice an' sing,
 For sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the palace o' the King.